

THE LIGUORIAN



IN THIS ISSUE

"OUR FATHER IS DEAD"

**Church and World Mourns Pope
Benedict XV.**

(Page 91)

FEBRUARY—1922

[Per Year, \$2.00; Canada and Foreign, \$2.25; Single Copies, 20c]
REDEMPTORIST FATHERS, Box A, OCONOMOWOC, WIS.]

TABLE OF CONTENTS

(Cont.)

The Sunbeam's Journey	49
T. W. Brennan, C. Ss. R.	
Father Tim Casey	50
C. D. McEnniry, C. Ss. R.	
The Rival—A Deed of Jealousy	56
Adapted	
The Paths of Light: E. A. Seton, Convert	61
Aug. T. Zeller, C. Ss. R.	
The Sage Family: Broken Idols	68
Alphonse Zeller, C. Ss. R.	
The Disillusionment of Uncle Stanhope	75
W. T. Bond, C. Ss. R.	
Catholic Anecdotes, 84; Pointed Paragraphs, 87;	
Question Box, 94; Book Reviews, 95; Lucid Intervals, 96.	

Catholic Press Month.

February is Catholic Press Month. Buy, read, spread,
talk Catholic Literature. What? Why,—The Liguorian.

**Subscription per year, \$2.00. Canada and Foreign,
\$2.25. Single Copies, 20 cents.**

Entered as second-class matter August 29th, 1913, at the Post Office at
Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in section
1103, act of October 3, 1917. Authorized July 17, 1918.

THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. X.

FEBRUARY, 1922

No. 2

The Sunbeam's Journey.

A wandering ray of sunshine fell
From heaven's cloudless blue,
And fluttered down on ether wings,
To find its rest anew.
From snowclad peak to mossy vale,
It slipped with laughter gay;
It bathed beneath the torrent's brink,
Then hurried on its way.
It chanced upon a window wide,
Where all within was drear;
And brightened all gloominess,
And brightened all the gloominess,
Called up a smile,—a tear.
A sick one's face, with lonely smile,
Had welcomed this new guest;—
The tear of sorrow fain would rise;
Because it would not rest.
For when the beam of happiness
O'erspread the pallid face;
This messenger of hope and love,
Fled out and on apace.
Beneath a copse's verdant bloom
It sent its fulgent ray,—
And forth disclosed a shaded spot,
Where lodged a chapel grey.
The ivied walls stand high and rough
Where time his hand has laid;
Within the portals opened wide,
Deep shadows grow and fade.
It saw the distant candles glow,
And heard the organ's tone;—
And heard the organ's tone;—
On high beheld 'mid splendor bright,
Its God upon His throne.
It watched the fragrant incense rise
And with the shadows blend;—
Then mingled with the candle-light,
And found its journey's end.
Its shining heart, a holocaust
Of love full true and rare,
Consumed entire—without reserve—
Had found its altar there.

—J. W. Brennan, C. Ss. R.

Father Tim Casey

"LO! ALL THINGS FLY THEE, FOR THOU FLIEST ME!"

C. D. MC ENNIRY, C. SS. R.

"A gintleman to see ye, Yer Reverence," announced Molly putting her head into Father Casey's study.

"Did he state his business? Is—is it a sick-call?" asked the priest in the usual anxious trepidation with which a tired pastor puts the latter fateful question.

"A sick-call" sniffed Molly. "He's a Prodestan.' An' as fer his bizness—faith, I'm wondherin' does he know it himself. Is the—aw Reverent Mither—*Misther*, do ye mind—at leeshure? sez he. Nothin' urgent, he sez. Kindly hand him me car-rd, he sez. If it's the laste inconvenience, anny other time'll do, he sez. An' begor, he looked as though he was sorry he come, an' had a mind to break an' run for it the moment me back was turned."

"Overpowered, no doubt, by your queenly airs, Molly. The poor man was not prepared for the shock of finding a lady of such refinement occupying the office of housekeeper to an humble pastor," said the priest rising.

Molly treated this sally with the contemptuous silence it deserved. Seizing a brush, she blocked his passage until she had whisked the dust from his shoulders.

"Hide that patch in the skirt of your soutane," she said. "We don't want thim Prodestan's turnin' up their noses at us. Will ye never buy a new one!" she moaned despairingly as the good priest pushed by her and descended the stairs.

He was prepared to meet a person of some distinction. Molly's solicitude betokened as much, and he had learned from long observation that Molly was no mean judge. What he found was a refined and neatly dressed man. The stranger carried a stout stick as an aid to a crippled limb. His face was handsome—or rather had been so—for now, though he was still a young man, it was wrinkled and drawn, so that at first sight one would be at a loss to know whether it attracted or repelled. The priest glanced at his visitor's card and said:

"Mister Richard Wood." There was a rising inflection which

plainly asked: And what may I have the pleasure of doing for you, sir?

The young man lost no time in polite preambles but burst out passionately:

"I had no business calling for you, sir. I don't know what I want to say, and, even if I did know, I should not have the courage to say it. Put me out as I deserve!" and he leaned heavily on his cane and began to rise.

Father Casey motioned him to remain seated and drawing a chair sat down beside him.

"My friend, you are not happy," he said.

"Happy!" cried Wood. "Never, even for one brief moment, since the day I was born, have I been happy! Sometimes I imagined I was so, but as soon as the occasion was passed, I saw how far I had been from real happiness!"

"Come, tell me your life story," said the priest, for he saw that was what the man wanted to do.

"Oh, sir, it is a story without a plot and without a hero, empty, insipid, aimless. Have you the time, have you the patience, have you the charity to listen to it?"

"My time—every moment of it—belongs to my people."

"But, sir, I'm not one of your people."

"Every human being in need of my aid is one of my people. My commission reads: To every creature."

"May the great God reward you!—if I dare invoke the name of God. I had not hoped for such kindness. Yet—yes—it was this hope that brought me here against my will. You are a man of God. You know His ways. You will tell me how to escape Him."

"The way to escape God's chastisement is to cast yourself on His love," said the priest.

"His love! It is His love that has hounded me. I have not committed what the world calls great crimes,—but—is not this the greatest of all crimes to try to escape His love?"

"You are evidently a man of deep religious convictions. Were you brought up in the tenets of any particular creed?"

"I cannot say that I was. I lost my mother early. My father was very strict in following out his notions of right and wrong. As for religion, he attended sometimes one church sometimes another, but as a rule he attended none. He had in his library numberless books

treating of God and spiritual things which he often read. I too, who as a child, was left so much alone, devoured many of these books. Naturally I did not comprehend one tenth of what I read. I was fascinated by them even while I feared them. It seemed to me that God wanted so much from those that love Him,—and I did not want to give Him everything—I wanted to keep something for myself. I tried to compromise.”

“It is the old story of trying to serve God and Mammon,” observed the priest. “It can’t be done.”

“How well I know it!” replied Wood. “In fact, I always knew it, yet I persisted in trying to do the impossible.”

“ ’Tis the sad story of the great majority of men.”

“In the college and university my dream was to find a kindred spirit, a friend. I had so often visioned the delights of a true, manly, unselfish friendship,—a friendship like that which Tennyson describes:

‘When each in turn was guide to each,

And fancy light from fancy caught;

And thought leaped out to wed with thought,

Ere thought could wed itself with speech.’

“I found excellent companions, shared in their work, and in their play, exchanged views with them, until it came to those intimate thoughts and aspirations concerning which true friends think in unison—and then I found that we were strangers.”

“The true friendship you crave is found in God,” said Father Casey.

“But why, cried the poor man petulantly, “why must He be my only Friend! “Why will He suffer me to have none other!”

“Because none other can satisfy you. From that person whom you conceive as a friend in all the sacred sense of the word, you demand perfection. Perfection is found only in God.”

“Seeing I could not become a friend to my companions, I resolved to be their hero. I smothered as best I might my interior longings and gave myself to exterior things. Nature had gifted me with great physical powers as well as tireless energy in striving for any goal which I had set my mind to attain. I became the champion athlete of the university.”

“Did that bring you happiness?”

“Far from it. The day of my greatest triumph was the day of my deepest despondency. At the critical moment in the deciding game my skill won the victory. I was carried on the shoulders of our men

and hailed as the conquering hero. Even in the midst of the ovation I kept asking myself, what are they to me or I to them? At the first opportunity I slipped away and walked down a quiet street. When I looked up, I saw that I was at the door of a church. Its denomination I knew not, nor do I know it to this day. But I could almost hear God's voice saying to me: When will you work for Me as you work for these vain and empty things? I hurried on and tried to ignore the voice but could not. It haunted me for days. Though I well knew my duty, I was determined not to yield.

"It was shortly afterwards that I met with the accident which crippled me for life. At first I did not regret it. The event was almost welcome, because it freed me from the obligation of taking part in sports which had now grown so distasteful. Only later when I found how much I was left with my own thoughts did I begin to long for my former strength and agility. It was at this juncture I met the only woman for whom I ever really cared. In her, beauty, intelligence, wit, and virtue were combined. Perhaps the fact that I was so lonely and my heart so hungry made me more susceptible. At any rate I was soon madly in love, and I have since had reasons to believe that my feelings were reciprocated. Happiness? I never was more unhappy in my life. Doubt, fear, despondency, jealousy—my heart was the plaything of every disquieting emotion. Before I knew whether she cared for me, I thought the assurance from her lips would prove my paradise. When at last it came, a hundred other feelings came with it to destroy its sweetness. Before long a misunderstanding arose. She was a high-spirited woman—I think I could never have loved her were she not. I was high-spirited too. She was proud; so was I. Our misunderstanding ended as misunderstandings between persons of that character usually do—in a break. I never came so near to formal rebellion against God as on that occasion. I was angry with Him, even while I feared Him—feared, I actually believe, His love more than His justice. His love seemed so tremendous, so exclusive, so awful! I accused Him of selfishness in taking from me the only creature I had ever learned to love. Why, oh, why, has He given me a heart hungry for love if He will not give me an object to satisfy it?"

"He has given you," said the priest gently, "a heart capable of loving that which is infinitely lovable—that which is without flaw, without limitation, without beginning, without end. He has given you a heart capable of loving God, hungry to love God. Nothing short of God

can ever fill or satisfy it. Your heart was made for Him; it will never rest until it rests in Him."

"This woman dropped out of my life. She married another, and proved, I believe, a good wife and mother. Yet I never see her without wondering how I could ever have pinned my happiness to a person so like everybody else in this cold selfish world, so incapable of reaching or understanding the deepest and best aspirations of my heart. At the same time I believe I am so fickle, so full of contradictions, that even she could not have loved me for long.

"I sought forgetfulness," he continued, "in literature, repeated the the mistake I had made so often, overtaxed my strength to reach an objective which I knew in advance would prove another disappointment. I might have become famous—everything pointed that way—and while others praised and envied me, I should still have been the loneliest and most hopeless of men. But my health broke down, and I was forced to give up literary efforts. Life in the open air was the doctor's prescription. Here, thought I, is my goal at last. I have lived amid the world of men only to find them selfish, cold, unsympathetic, uncomprehensive. Let them chase their empty bubbles, I will have no more of them. I will learn to live close to the great heart of Nature, study her ways, share her moods, find comfort and peace in her dear company. I climbed the mountains, I roamed through the forests, I gathered the spring-time flowers, and walked amid the winter snows. The tropic sun, the northern night, the storm, the cataract, the whispering dawn, the blazing sunset, I pondered them all,—but what are they? Things without life or mind! They cannot speak to me nor I to them! Hungry and disconsolate they found me; hungry and disconsolate they left me. Here I am, broken in health, crossed in love, disappointed in friendship, foiled in every effort I have ever made! I should be a burden to anybody that tried to live with me, a cross to anybody that tried to befriend me. There is not one being in all the universe that cares whether I live or die."

"Not one! You forget, there is One, One that has followed you from childhood, One from whose love you strove in vain to escape, the One that loves you with an infinite love! He has sprinkled your feasts with the bitterness of His Cross that you might cease seeking happiness in those vain, deceitful things and find it in Him in whom alone it can be found. All that He has taken from you He has but taken that you might seek it in His arms. The darkness which lowers over you is

but the shadow of His loving hand outstretched to bless. Give up this bootless flight and yield yourself, body and soul, heart and mind, to His undying love."

Richard Wood looked up at Father Casey, tears starting from his eyes.

"Sir," he said simply, "will you teach me how?"

"Gladly", replied the priest.

HOW THE WORM GETS INTO THE APPLE

"Did you ever find a worm away in at the core of an apple when there wasn't a sign of a hole on the outside to show where it got in?" asks the *Ave Maria*.

"Well, in the spring, when the trees are all in blossom and look their loveliest, a little moth slipped out of its chrysalis and flew among the blossoms. Then, when the petals of the flowers had fallen, the moth laid an egg in the upturned cup made by the five points of the calyx. In a short time the tiny egg hatched into a small worm, and the little worm bored its way into the apple that was just forming; and there it grew with the apple, meanwhile feeding on it."

It is the story of many a defect we notice in men and women, of many a vice or vicious habit, which seems hard to explain. When the character was still in formation, that defect of habit was sown, and never having been corrected, it grows with the character, fastening on it and sapping the will power that might have been used on better and nobler things.

Keep the worms out of the apple when young. Keep the moth from sowing its eggs in the blossom.

St. Lawrence Justinian tells us that it is wiser and safer to choose joy rather than sadness for our constant companion in the service of God, because that service obliges us to make war against our inclinations and feelings, to struggle against our own weakness, the assaults of the devil and the world, and we, therefore, greatly need spiritual joy to support us in all our difficulties.

The Rival

A DEED OF JEALOUSY

ADAPTED.

The concert hall was still empty; but soon the great crowds of listeners would surge in. To both sides of the hall the seats were ranged and in every available place, extra seats were assembled to accommodate as many as possible. In the front row were seats bedecked with royal purple and gold for the nobility. For these would surely be there. The elite of Genoa's society would surely not fail to be present to hear the young violin-artist: for was he not—the great Nicolo Paganini—a child of the city—a glory to the ancient Genoa?

True he was the son of poor parents. It had taken years of time and labor and sacrifice and disappointment, until he had reached the height of glory. Years ago, when he played in the choirs of Genoa's churches, by the side of his fellow-pupil and inseparable companion Silvio Boschi, the refined princesses and duchesses of Genoa, who fanned themselves in pews, would bend over and whisper to each other:

"That's Paganini—does not the little fellow play well?"

So glory lured. It was then, that, joined by two other companions—young musicians like themselves—Paganini and Boschi set out to wander through France, England and Germany, to display their art. And always—whether he played in a quartet with the others or whether he played alone,—Paganini's playing elicited the loudest applause and woke the stormiest enthusiasm. Now indeed, he was no longer the "little" Paganini—but the great Paganini—acclaimed by all Europe as the first of violin artists. Crowned with laurels from every nation, he now returned to his native land, to let his own Genoans hear his music.

Today was to be his first appearance.

On a low stage four music stands were set in order—the sheets of music prepared for each musician. The first number was to be a magnificent symphony by Beethoven, executed by the quartet; then followed Paganini playing solo. His score lay on his music rack.

A young man stepped out upon the stage—he was pale, thin, with

glistening, deepset eyes. He came out as if to see whether the music sheets were in order and passed from stand to stand.

It was Silvio Boschi—Paganini's friend,—but friend no longer. The success which his schoolmate and playmate had won, had gradually roused bitter feelings of jealousy in him,—feelings that by degrees deepened into real hatred. With each performance it grew worse. Till at last, to hear Paganini's praise sounded by all, to see the showering of bouquets and gifts upon the artist, to hear the applause that ever and infallibly greeted Paganini, while he was heard in silence—became a real hell to him.

"Ah," he said to himself tonight, as he thought of the bill-posters that blazed the magic name of Paganini in his eyes, "ah, if I could only humble him once—just once—I could be satisfied."

Silvio knew what pieces Paganini had prepared for the evening's program. The last—the hit of the evening—was to be a "Presto", that rose to a magnificent climax in which note was piled on note and the tones came with ever increasing speed. It was a piece of musical hardihood to play the last two pages of it; only a Paganini could have dared to produce it. And even he had practiced at it with a diligence and care he seldom showed. His deftness with his fingers was a real marvel.

"He has it only in his fingers," murmured Silvio to himself—completely dominated by his passion of jealousy; "but I have it in my head and heart." But he did not himself take these words seriously. Only in his fingers? No, no; he knew too well,—that that was just the marvel of his rival's power, that every note leaped like a fairy from his violin, and even if it sounded but a fraction of a minute, was alive and breathing. Did ever man play like Nicolo? And today again—yes again and again—would the applause ring through the hall.

"No, my dear Paganini," Silvio said to himself, with a bitter smile. "No—not today; I shall see to it myself."

His fingers leaved nervously through the sheets in search of something. Now he had found it—evidently; and quickly he turned to the last two pages. He drew from his vestpocket a little tube of mucilage, and with it smeared the ends of the sheets. Then he pressed them firmly together till they stuck.

"So," he said, replacing the papers with an air of satisfaction—"that will make a fine climax if Paganini—the great Paganini—should break down just at the very climax!"

By this time, the first listeners were already gathering in the hall—they were the enthusiasts, the real music lovers, who were determined to miss not a single note. Silvio withdrew from the stage—but as he passed in front, he heard the whispered conversation:

"Is that he?—Is that Paganini?"

"No, no;" was the answer; "that isn't Paganini; that's only Boschi."

"Only! Yes, only Boschi!" repeated the young man grimly. "Always, always to play the second fiddle,—always to witness the applause given to him—always to provide the setting for his triumphs! But today I'll have my revenge and look on his discomfiture."

II.

The hall was crowded to its capacity. The musicians stepped upon the stage amid hearty applause. The four violins blended in the quartet in so masterly a way that the audience was breathlessly still. When they had finished, there was a momentary silence—then a thundering appreciation.

The four musicians retired to a room off the stage for a few moments of rest.

"Silvio," said Paganini cordially, grasping his friend by the hand, "you played wonderfully today."

"Who? I? You are very kind to say so, Nicolo!" responded Silvio with tones of mingled coldness and embarrassment.

"Yes," went on Paganini, "especially the Adagio. In fact, I really believe serious ones are your forte."

"No doubt," replied Silvio somewhat impatiently, now that his jealousy was asserting itself. "And you are master in fluency."

"Oh, you refer to the Presto, which I am to give next," answered Paganini. "Well, we'll see how I come through it!"

It was time. He walked out once more upon the stage. His very appearance was greeted with a ringing clap.

Paganini stood before his music-rack for a moment with graceful non-chalance. Then his bow touched the strings and the spirit of music came upon him. Like a magic wand his bow moved over the strings—seeming scarcely to touch them; and as it moved up and down the notes rose and fell like waves of silver. The silence of the audience, wrapped in wonder, was tense. And yet the Master has not yet reached the supreme test of his skill. He could make the notes

sparkle like spray of the waterfall—he could pour them forth like the spangles of a bursting rocket. And every note thus poured forth with the speed of lightning was perfect as if the Master had struck it with calculating deliberation.

Paganini never appeared in public without giving the audience some selection in which he could show the full mastery of his art. This time it was to be the Presto with its whirling conclusion.

Now he had reached it. For a moment he stopped and his breast heaved with emotion; he seemed to wait for inspiration. Then the whirling dance of the notes began. Breathlessly—with ever increasing wonder—the audience listened to the performance. Quicker and quicker came the notes. They came forth and dropped upon them like pearls—tiny, but beautiful beadlike pearls, that floated in the air and then vanished. Only two sides of his score remained to be played.

Quickly he turned the page. . . .

But—it was two he turned.

He turned back again—forward again—backward again. It was always two pages he turned—and there he was at the old place. Then he saw that the pages had been pasted together.

The audience noticed the pause—short as it was. It was one of those painful moments that seem like eternity.

For the moment the blood surged tremuously to the youthful artist's face. Then, as if trusting himself blindly to his art, his memory and the exaltation of the moment,—he turned from his music rack and played as if nothing had happened—played from the pages of his mind and soul,—played as he never played before. His face was lit up with a smile of triumph.

The last note sounded—Paganini lifted the instrument from his shoulder and dropped his bow. Applause such as that old music hall—that had listened to generations of artists—never heard, broke forth from the throng.

"He played it by heart!" cried some.

"Such a passage!" said the connoisseurs.

"He must be a magician—this Paganini!"

"Never was anything like it heard here!"

The clapping seemed never to stop. And the Italian temperament broke out in repeated rounds of "Eviva!"

Paganini bowed and fled from the stage.

"You scoundrels!" he exclaimed, laughingly, as he came into the

room where he had left his companions; "who played that trick on me?" Then his eyes fell upon the sofa and he stopped short.

"What? What's this?" Silvio—pale and apparently lifeless—lay there. Paganini was frightened. He tried all he knew to restore his friend. At last he succeeded.

"So they played a trick on you, too!" he cried as Boschi came to. For he thought their friends had done it to frighten him.

Silvio never answered the question. He made some evasive, murmured replies that Paganini did not understand. But shortly after, he left the party, declaring that he was tired of this wandering life.

But deep down in his heart he was ashamed of himself—ashamed of his deed of jealousy, that terminated so differently from what he had expected.

WAKING UP!

The Rev. B. F. Daugherty (where did he get that name?), is a Presbyterian minister, the Pastor of Trinity United Presbyterian Church at Lebanon, Pa. In an address given recently before the Ministerial Union of Philadelphia, he said:

"Rationalistic and atheistic teaching by professors in American secular colleges for men and women is robbing hundreds of students in these institutions of their Christian faith."

He cited by name two leading colleges for women in which, he said, he had heard of cases of College professors deliberately working to destroy the faith of their pupils.

In one of these institutions, he declared, a professor teaches his unbelief to the students, and then has the class to vote on the question: Is there a God? "This professor," said Dr. Daugherty, "is happy when a majority of the class vote that there is no God."

Are Protestants at last opening their eyes to the real nature of "non sectarian" schools and colleges?

GOOD EXAMPLE

By modest demeanor and simple dress; by a smiling face and pleasing manner; always striving to give pleasure; faithfully fulfilling every duty.

The Paths Of Light

ELIZABETH A. SETON: CONVERT

AUG. T. ZELLER, C. SS. R.

In 1889 Cardinal Gibbons (then Archbishop) urged that steps be taken toward the canonization of Mother Seton. In 1911 the Sisters of Charity in the United States, originating from Mother Seton's foundation, numbered six thousand Sisters, working in all parts of the country.

This Mother Seton, Foundress of the Sisters of Charity in the United States, was once an ardent Episcopalian. How did she come to the Church in which she did so much good? Let us trace the paths of divine Light in her life.

Her story presents phases different from those of Brownson and Newman which we have already studied. It was not without its difficulties,—and these to a great extent the same as those of the other two; in it, also, the same flashes of light and the same providential guidance are apparent. But it was the story of a woman,—a womanly woman,—full of strength; but such strength as a woman wields, the strength of faith and love. It is a story full of human interest.

CHILDHOOD DAYS.

The story of her life, written by Charles I. White, begins thus:

"Eliza Ann Bayley was born in the city of New York, on the 28th of August, 1774, nearly two years before the declaration of American Independence. She was the younger of two daughters, the only children of Dr. Richard Bayley, by his first marriage with Catherine Charlton. Her parents were both Americans by birth, and of respectable standing in society. Her father was a man of strong mind and liberal education, and rose by his genius and industry to an eminent rank in the medical profession. Her mother was the daughter of an Episcopalian clergyman."

In the Protestant Episcopal church and practice in which she was baptised and confirmed, she was also brought up. Yet her religion did not partake of the ultra Protestant spirit which rejects everything that might savor of Catholic piety. For instance, she used to wear on her person even in those days a small crucifix—the emblem of man's re-

demption—and she wondered why, as she was often heard to say, her co-religionists did not commonly honor the Cross in this way.

The Sacred Scriptures she read assiduously and with great delight. She would transcribe passages that struck her more particularly, and would commit to her note-book little comments and reflections on the Sacred Writings. This reverence for the Word of God early inspired her with a great love for purity of life and conduct.

We can easily see, from the notes of her self-examinations which she left how, even in her younger years she labored to improve and perfect her character. Thus we read in her diary,—written at 18:

“There is a certain temper I am sometimes subject to—it is not sullenness or absolute discontent,—’tis a kind of melancholy; still I like it better than those effusions of cheerfulness, that hilarity of spirits, which a good night’s rest and a fine morning often inspire. I prefer the sadness because I know it may be removed; it may change to cheerfulness. The gayety I am sure, will change to sadness before the day ends, and perhaps to sorrow; ’tis not the natural temper, but the influence of the situation. I trust the day will come when I shall show a more regular and Christian disposition. Perhaps it may; it may not. Those passions must be governed. . . .”

Surrounded by the charms and gayety of fashionable life, the young lady did not allow herself to be dazzled by brilliant appearance. She kept constant command over herself. It is easy to see that she was indeed a chosen and exceptional soul.

HER MARRIAGE.

I am not intending to write her biography. But these traits and events in her life must be told, in order to see how thoroughly Protestant her home life and her whole outlook was. There was never the least inkling that it would ever be otherwise.

She was twenty years old when she accepted the hand of Mr. William Seton, a highly respectable merchant in New York. He was, like herself, a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The youthful Mrs. Seton now beheld a prospect of the most flattering description before her. Her husband’s business was in the most flourishing condition, and surrounded as she was by a circle of friends she had every temporal happiness to expect. Moreover, her relations with her husband were ideal. But under all circumstances, she was always deeply religious and always ardently attached to her church.

Again and again these sentiments recur in her letters, and that with a naturalness that makes us realize that her religion was interwoven with every fibre of her heart.

• HER RELIGIOUS NATURE.

Note, for instance, how deeply she must have been impressed with the truth of an all-wise Providence ruling all things, as shown in the following bit of one of her letters:

"In one short week sisters, friends, and the whole world may be nothing to me. There never passes a day, but some family is deprived of their support, children of their parents, and the wife of her husband, even in the number of my acquaintance. (This was written during the yellow fever epidemic in Philadelphia, 1794.) My William goes every day to town and is more exposed than many who have lost their lives; that he should escape depends on the divine Mercy which has never yet failed me, and which I have reason to bless every hour of my life."

What time she could snatch from her work, she gave frequently to the reading of Sacred Scripture and to prayer. Here is a prayer which she wrote in her diary during the yellow fever epidemic, in gratitude for the protection given her and her family.

"With pity, O Lord, look down upon thy servant. Thy mercy is boundless; thou hast preserved our souls from death whilst thousands fall around us. Thou hast given us every good while others are visited with sorrow and afflictions; and shall not my soul praise thee for this unmerited goodness? Shall it now fall into sin and neglect thee, its preserver? Will it rather suffer the bondage of sin than be thy servant? Oh, how it pants, it longs to fit itself for thy acceptance; but, chained in the service of thy enemy, it falls from its native glory and grovels in the dust. Let thy mercy assist the endeavor of thy servant; grant but the smallest portion of thy grace and I shall be free. O Almighty Father! O Blessed Spirit, comforter of the sick and sorrowing soul! O Saviour Eternal, Redeemer of sinners, who gavest thy life to save us, assist a miserable sinner who strives with the corruption of sin, and desires above all things to break the snares of the enemy. I am, O Lord, like one in the net of the fowler; set me at liberty; cleanse me and fit me for thy presence, and the soul that now sorrows shall rejoice."

We must not, however, imagine that, because she slipped so naturally into higher and holier thoughts, that her piety was in any way dis-

agreeable, formal, rigid or obstrusive. On the contrary. She was of a lively disposition that endeared her to all. Could there be anything sprightlier, for example, than the following little characteristic note which she sent (Feb. 1799) to her father, who was a busy physician:

"Should you be in your retirement, unoccupied by the cares and solitudes that generally surround you, a letter from your daughter will be very acceptable; if otherwise, it will be read in haste, and the idea: 'Bett is a goose' will pass through your mind. I send it to take its chance, hoping, as the children say, it may find you well as I am the same. It is currently reported that you are gone to New London to inquire into the origin of the fever, and that you are to proceed to Boston to see your children. But I hope you will very soon return, and convince the ladies who chatter on the subject that the origin is not the object of your pursuit, but the remedy."

In fact, it was this cheerfulness of hers, based on a perfect trust in God's mercy, that sustained her in the trials that were in store for her.

THE TASTE OF THE CROSS.

In shaping souls to a higher likeness to Himself, the Divine Sculptor uses the sharp instrument of the Cross.

In 1800, after six years of happiest married life, Mrs. Seton's husband's business took a bad turn,—owing partly to the spoliations of the French, and partly to the vicissitudes of mercantile life in those days, when sea traffic was not so safe as now. Mrs. Seton stood bravely by her husband, advising, helping where she could, and keeping up his spirits.

"It would never do," she said to a friend, "for hearts and fortunes to sink together."

In her diary, she wrote at the time, this beautiful prayer:

"The cup that our Father hath given us, shall we not drink it? O Blessed Saviour! by the bitterness of thy pains we may estimate the force of thy love: we are sure of thy kindness and compassion: thou wouldst not willingly call on us to suffer: thou has declared unto us, that all things shall work together for our good, we are faithful to thee, and therefore, if thou so ordainest it, welcome disappointment and poverty, welcome sickness and pain, welcome even shame and contempt and calumny. If this be a rough and thorny path, thou hast trodden it before us. Where we see thy footsteps we cannot repine. Meanwhile thou wilt support us with thy grace, and even here thou canst more than

compensate us for any temporal suffering, by the possession of that peace which the world can neither give nor take away."

WITH HER CHILDREN.

At this time Elizabeth Seton had four children: Anna Maria, William, Richard, and Catherine Josephine. An idea of how she, as a Protestant, trained them may be gleaned from her letters to them. Thus she writes to the eldest on her birthday:

May 3, 1803.

"My dear Anna Maria:

This is your birthday, the day that I first held you in my arms. May God Almighty bless you my child, and make you his child forever. Your mother's soul prays to him to lead you through this world, so that we may come to his heavenly kingdom in peace, through the merits of our blessed Saviour."

Again she writes:

"My dearest Anna must remember that our blessed Lord gave us the parable of the wise and foolish virgins to make us careful to choose our part with the wise ones, and to keep in readiness for his coming, which will be in an hour we know not of; and should he find us, dear child, out of the road of our duty, like sheep gone astray from their shepherd, where shall we hide from his presence who can see through the darkest shades and bring us from the farthest end of the world? If we would please him and be found among his children, we must learn what our duty is, pray to him for grace to do it, and then set our whole heart and soul to perform it. And what is your duty, my dear child? You know it, and I pray God to keep you in it, that, in that blessed day when he shall come to call us to our heavenly home, we may see our dear Anna in the number of those dear children to whom he will say: 'Come ye blessed of my Father.'

Your own mother."

In every letter, in every line of hers, there is evidence of something more than natural mother-love; there is a deep seriousness and true piety. And if nowadays we do not find that sweet relationship between parents and children which we see in the Seton home, it is because we would have to go far to find such a mother as was Mrs. Seton. A generation of mothers brought up in movies, amid the freedom which newspapers and places of amusement foster among the young, could never speak to its children as did this mother.

It was necessary to understand the full import of her conversion to give these details of her family life. Let us return to her religious views again.

FOLLOWING THE LIGHT TO THE UTMOST.

As a strict member of the Episcopal Church, Mrs. Seton united in the ceremony called "The Lord's Supper," as often as possible, and that with an ardor and enthusiasm that surprised and astonished her co-religionists. An entry in her diary, made on one "Communion Day," will give us the best insight into her sentiments regarding it:

"This day, I trust, is noted for me in the book of life, and oh, that the blessings received, and the precious privileges I have enjoyed in it, may be the incitement to a faithful discharge, through divine grace, of every duty which my dear and gracious Master may give me to perform, that it may make me his own, in thought, word and deed forever, leading me to the Supreme Good,—the blessing of losing myself and all things in Him."

The other ceremonies inspired her with similar sentiments. Thus at the Baptism into the Episcopal Church of her fifth child, she writes:

"This day my little Rebecca is received into the Ark of the Lord. She has been blessed by the prayer of faith, that she may receive the fulness of his grace and remain in the number of his faithful children; that, being steadfast in faith, joyful through hope, and rooted in charity, she may pass through the waves of this troublesome world, that finally she may enter the land of everlasting life. Glory! glory! glory! be to him, who has obtained for his servant these inestimable privileges, to enter into covenant with him,—to commune with His Spirit,—to receive the blessing of our reconciled Father. Blessed Lord, can we be forgetful of our duty to thee,—to thee who hast purchased all for us? Oh strengthen us, pity our weakness, and, as thy holy angels always do thee service in heaven, give us grace to serve thee so faithfully while on earth that we may hereafter be received into their blessed society."

GOLD, NOT GLITTER.

The proof of true piety is action. Mrs. Seton's piety did not spend itself in prayer, but flowered in constant and beautiful charity. In company with a cousin of hers she went into the homes of the poor helping with advice and deeds of kindness. So remarkable was their charity, that they came to be called "The Protestant Sisters of Charity". Was it a prophecy?

An acquaintance of hers, thus wrote of Mrs. Seton at the time:

"Not satisfied with a formal profession without love of God in her soul, she considered no sacrifice too great to promote the glory of her heavenly Father, and add to the happiness of her fellow-creatures. How often and with what delight has she explored the abodes of wretchedness, to administer temporal and spiritual comfort! How many tears of joy has she caused to flow! How many prayers have been raised to Heaven for her welfare! How often have the widow and the fatherless blessed her!"

When the yellow fever struck Staten Island in New York Harbor, and her father, as Port Physician was obliged to work among the plague-stricken, she would go down during her leisure moments, to help. There she saw how infants were dying at their mothers' breasts for want of milk,—for their mothers, stricken with disease were unable to give it. And she determined to wean her own child in order to be a mother to these unfortunate ones. But her father would not allow it, and made her desist from her ideas, for the sake of her own family.

Such was the beautiful soul that was finally driven, by the emptiness of Protestantism, to find satisfaction in the one true Church of Christ.

(to be continued)

A GOOD TEST.

Someone asked of the great Duke of Wellington one day:

"What sort of a person is Lord Fitzroy Somerset?"

"I can answer that very quickly," replied the Iron Duke, the hero of many battles. "He is a man who would not tell a lie to save his life."

The questioner was satisfied; he knew he could depend on such a man.
—Ave Maria.

The University of London, England, a purely secular institution, whose gravitation is toward Anglicanism, if anything, has made the somewhat startling announcement that a course of lectures on the Summa Theologica of St. Thomas Aquinas will form part of the University Extension course. There will be 25 lectures in all, given by a Catholic priest, Dr. Vincent McNabb, of the Dominican Order.

The Sage Family

BROKEN IDOLS

ALPHONSE ZELLER, C. SS. R.

Will Sage, Jr., brought his heavy fist down upon the table with a crash. It sounded like an ultimatum and such he meant it to be. His powerful frame shook with anger. He remembered it was his father who had so roused him and therefore he diverted this emphasis toward the table. The restraint which thus asserted itself in the flowing anger of the younger Sage, was called into being by the glittering eye of the senior member of the Sage menage. When the old man was thoroughly angry he appeared to possess the quintessence of all the fighting spirit of the great war. He never yet cowed before his son. In his voice trembled the impotent wrath of his age against the profiteering landlords.

"For 25 dollars I could rent a house; I'll not pay it for this one room; so there's an end to the matter." His determination to end the parley bristled from every part of his erect and defiant attitude. Whereupon the son withdrew from the charge and silently retreated to the cool air on the porch. Then the old man retired to his room to enjoy the snug satisfaction of having again maintained the one great principle of domestic government.

"He is not quite what I should expect of him," he mused, seated comfortably in his easy chair, with his mind's eye upon his only child. "He surely has received all the care a boy could get. I should think him fortunate to have such an enlightened father. Instead of dividing my resources to raise a brood of half educated children, I thought to do a better service to society by raising one child well, and I guess I'm right." Of course he wouldn't acknowledge the secret selfishness that lurked below his opinion.

So he went on, musing about this perfect specimen of a man, the monument he raised in his community to the honor of his family. What a great race the Americans would be if all parents were as wise as he. A fighting race, indeed, as he recalled the many quarrels with his son, but that didn't matter as long as parental authority would always be acknowledged. While absorbed in these reflections he was rudely shaken by a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"I must ask you to leave this room immediately," a deep voice sounded overhead.

He started from his reverie. It sounded like Gabriel on judgment day. As his eyes travelled up the blue column before him they rested for a moment on shining brass buttons, then blue again to the fat ruddy face topped by a piqued cap. He sat back and stared at the apparition when the same serious voice rumbled again.

"Come sir, move; I have orders."

As he began to understand the situation, the dispersing spirits of Mars were quickly summoned for an attack.

"I have orders to remove you and your baggage from this room to the street, sir."

The indignation of the old man rose up like a stream of fire in a volcano. Such monstrous indignity, invade his home and throw him out—here in America! Of course he forgot he was in the days of the search and seizure law.

"I will not go and you can't make me," he cried with all the assurance of being in the right and of having the Stars and Stripes to back him.

The burly officer wished no quarrel with the white haired old man. He merely hoisted a trunk that stood near by on his broad shoulders and disappeared with it down the stairs. When he was gone, William Sage understood that the Law and the Stars and Stripes were verily behind him, driving him out of the room for which he would not pay the required rent. He keenly felt his helplessness before the towering moral might of the law and this physical giant who came to enforce the law. This realization filled him with utter confusion; the insult; the summary procedure, the sense of his weakness, all rushed in on his mind and paralysed his wits. When the officer reappeared to fetch him he was in a passive state and meekly obeyed the advice of the officer to gather up what possessions he had in the room and to follow him down the stairs.

As he stood on the walk with his baggage spread about him his senses returned. He looked up at the house; it blankly stared at him. It had no entrance in the front, but it was oh so pretty with festoons of flowering vines, with its light yellow shades and red silk curtains. It seemed to frown at him and shrug its shoulders carelessly and say: I'm modern, old man. You haven't quite caught the ways of the modern world. Parental authority? We modern houses have no room for such an unfashionable thing. Your taste is very bad.

He wearily walked to the corner to hail a taxi. For the night he took quarters at the Sheridan Arms; tomorrow he would seek a place sufficiently comfortable without drawing too much on his limited purse. Flattering himself with twenty more years of life, he thought his present money would not permit him more than a lonely place close to the elevated road. Thither he brought his baggage to begin a dreary existence. The bleak winds of November swept their gloom and rain into his loneliness; the cheerless empty house silently sowed bitterness into his fretting moods.

Mrs. Sage had always said that Will was a good boy; he wouldn't do anything wrong unless deceived by a temper. When Will determined to remove his father the decision was the outcome of a long thought over plan. The pretext of rent was a whip placed in his hand by the law, and he was educated to be a respectable law-abiding citizen. So he used the whip with respectability. He has been Nestored to satiety by his father. Now he was old enough to assert his own personality. This for the present was not much more than an infatuation for a pretty brunette whom that adorer of respectability, his father, would not tolerate in the house. Shortly after his father had gone, Will disappeared to bring home his bride very soon. The mother waited alone. Autumn passed into winter; winter melted into spring. And still the mother waited alone.

One day a woman with a bundle wrapped in a white shawl stood at the door of Mrs. Sage. Her actions were nervous almost to rudeness. As soon as she was admitted she advanced into the room to the table, where she gently placed her bundle.

"There, it's yours," she said brusquely. "I don't want it. Take it to court if you like. But you'll probably choose not to do so. Your son will explain."

Her abrupt manner, her dark words and the strangeness of her actions completely mystified Mrs. Sage. Before she recovered enough to make some inquiry, the strange woman disappeared at the door. Her curiosity however slowly absorbed all other sentiments and she moved to the table to examine the bundle. After undoing the shawl and other wraps, she discovered the strangest of all gifts, a baby.

She gasped in surprise. Her first impulse was to call back the woman; but she was gone. As she slowly returned to the table she thought on what to do with it. Get rid of it, she must. But as she ventured to take it up in her arms and fold it to her breast such thoughts left her

mind. It was so pretty; she fondled it, stroked it softly. Its eager eyes fastened upon her, a smile curled its lips, its joy was expressed by its hands and feet and whole being. Now after many years a baby was again in her arms. She wouldn't get rid of it for the present. Her son would explain, didn't the stranger say it?

Not many days elapsed when her son returned. He was shabby in dress, worn and weary, a battered hulk. The meeting was the return of the prodigal. He was broken in spirit, repentant, glad to find shelter with his mother. The conversation came immediately upon the baby.

"I guess we'll have to keep it, mother. I could take it back. But I suppose that would bring on a lawsuit. I guess its better not to let this get into the courts".

"William!" the old lady cried in horror.

"Well, I'm not sure its mine, mother, that's one reason why we parted company.

The mother stared at him incredulously. She sank back into her chair and covered her face with her hands. She shook with sobs and broken utterances: "Will, how could you? Why didn't you follow your father's advice? Who drove you to it?"

But William gently laid a hand upon her shoulder and soothed her.

"Mother, let's forget it. I'm no worse than so many others. I'm still respectable," he drew from his coat pocket a crumpled document. "I gambled on it and lost. But I'm a good loser. Let's be sensible and make the most of it. I'll look for a job and start in the right way this time. We can raise the child, can't we, mother?"

He set out to work in good earnest. He wished to resume his old business. But for that he needed a little capital. A small **state bank** on the avenue owned by a friend of his father would surely make him a loan on easy terms. So he approached the banker.

"Glad to see you, Will. How's your father?" inquired the banker.

"I don't know, Mr. Preston I haven't seen him for several months. I suppose he's doing well."

The banker became serious.

"You don't know where Mr. Sage is? Why what's the matter here?" he said with anxiety.

"Oh, we had a little difference and so we parted," Will replied with indifference.

"Well, my young man, I won't make you that loan until I see my old

friend. I'll find him, leave that to me. I'll let you know when I am ready to help you. Good day."

Will turned away greatly discouraged. It wasn't so dead easy after all to start right in. The banker would surely question his father, find out the whole affair, and perhaps never come to his assistance. He felt he must look for aid elsewhere. But jobs were very scarce. Would his life be ruined despite his good will and sincere efforts? After many days of vain seeking, he did that which he never before in his life did; he went to church from the sole motive of praying to God. The briar path of suffering usually leads to ruin or to God. He was about to ascend the few steps to the church door, when the door opened and an old man stood on the threshold. White haired, stooped, leaning on a cane, with hat in hand, the old man paused before going down to the street. The young man stood still with amazement.

"Father," he cried. The grisly face slowly raised itself. There was an unsteady light in the sunken eye. For a minute both silently looked at each other.

"Father, you look terrible." But the old man passed on. Will Sage drew back in terror. Then in two or three strides he caught up with the tottering man.

"Father," he said, catching hold of his arm, "Where are you going?"

"I don't know, son. I—fear to do it. God will not help me," he spoke with a tremble as of the palsy.

The mysteriousness of his words roused dark suspicions in the young man's mind, and the sorrow that was expressed in every detail of the man before him touched him to pity.

"You must have had an awful time of it, Father" he said comfortingly as he led him back to the church.

"Are you going to enter, son?" the old man asked in a level voice.

"I came here for that purpose. I'm awfully hard up," he replied.

"Take my arm son," came the same emotionless voice.

Together they entered to pray. There in the silence of that lonely church father and son prayed in words they never before used in prayer. Upon the anguish of their souls came the calm of a new resolution.

When they rose the son respectfully assisted his father down the stairs. Not a word was spoken on their homeward walk.

The law of compensation had been worked out and they both survived its process.

That evening the old man was comfortably seated in his old chair in the little room in the modern house. He held on his knee the tiny bit of snow white that his daughter-in-law refused to have. His mind reverted to the time he sat there last, musing upon the merits of his only boy. Now the gods of his health and prosperity were broken to pieces.

"It's all wrong," he muttered to himself as he looked at the child.

"The new order is all selfishness, pretension and extravagance. Children are the essential of marriage and home, not delights and luxury and freedom. The laws of nature are the laws of God. Where there are peace and children and simple plenty there is no room for the great modern evils."

Spiritual Communion

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI

As in all the visits to the Most Blessed Sacrament a spiritual Communion is recommended, it will be well to explain what it is, and the great advantages which result from its practice.

A spiritual Communion, according to St. Thomas, consists in an ardent desire to receive Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament, and in lovingly embracing Him as if we had actually received Him.

How pleasing these spiritual Communions are to God, and how many the graces He bestows through their means, was manifested by our Lord Himself to Sister Paula Maresca, the foundress of the convent of St. Catherine of Sienna in Naples. It is related in her life that our Lord showed her two precious vessels, the one of gold, the other of silver. He then told her that in the vessel of gold He preserved her sacramental Communions, and in the vessel of silver, her spiritual Communions.

Our Lord also told Blessed Jane of the Cross that each time that she communicated spiritually she received a grace of the same kind as the one that she received when she communicated actually.

The holy Council of Trent greatly praises the practice of spiritual Communions, and encourages the faithful to adopt it. And Father Peter Faber, the first companion of St. Ignatius, used to say that it was of the greatest advantage to make spiritual Communions in order to receive sacramental Communion well.

Therefore all who desire to advance in the love of Jesus are exhorted to make a spiritual Communion at least once during every visit they pay to the Most Blessed Sacrament, and at every Mass that they hear. It would even be better on these occasions to repeat the spiritual Communions three times, that is to say, at the beginning, in the middle, and at the end. This devotion is far more profitable than some imagine, and at the same time nothing can be easier to practice. It can be made without anyone noticing it, without fasting, and at any time we please: an act of love accomplishes all.

THE TINY HOST

The Little Flower, Therese of Lisieux, in her autobiography, often surprises us with evidences of a wonderful wisdom in her childhood. It is so simple and direct and satisfying. Witness this bit of theology at the age of three. Says the autobiography:

"The other day, Celine asked:

"How can God be in such a tiny Host?" meaning the Blessed Sacrament. And Therese answered:

"That is not strange, because He is Almighty!"

"And what does Almighty mean?" continued Celine.

"It means," said Therese, "that He can do whatever He likes."

Keep a Crucifix and kiss and adore every day the Five Precious Wounds. Let your kisses and your prayers be like precious pearls and precious stones, which you never tire of setting in each of the Five Wounds of Our Saviour,—in the wounds of the feet, for having so long and so wearily followed you; in the wound of the left hand for having so often lifted you up and carried you; in the wound of the right hand for having so often blessed and absolved you; in the wound of the Sacred Heart for being a furnace of love, always open to receive you with love and forgiveness.

Dr. Charles P. Neill, director of the National Service School for Women conducted by the National Catholic Welfare Council, has been appointed member of a special committee created by Secretary of Labor Davis, to consider the welfare of immigrants coming through principal ports of entry into the United States.

The Disillusionment of Uncle Stanhope

CH. XIV. THE CAD SHOWS HIS HAND

W. T. BOND C. SS. R.

The crowd stood petrified with horror as they saw the poor helpless girl, a roaring caldron of fire behind her, and for a moment there was a deep silence. "A ladder!" some one shouted. The cry was taken up. "A ladder! A ladder!" A dozen men dashed madly over to the house led by a negro boy, and a long ladder lying behind the house was procured. The crowd parted as they came dashing back. The ladder was soon hoisted into position, but the girl had disappeared. A young man swung himself unto the ladder and up. He reaches the broken window. The smoke is pouring out in ever increasing volume, and red tongues of flame already appear. But nothing daunted, he springs across the low sill and in a moment reappears with the unconscious girl in his arms. Another moment and she is lying upon the grass, Aunt Charlotte at her side. Patrick Maloney, for it was none other, quietly moves away towards the house. Cheer after cheer rent the air. Janice opened her eyes slowly, after a few moments and throwing up her hands cried out hysterically:

"O save me! Save me! The fire! The fire!"

"Don't worry pet," said Aunt Charlotte soothingly, as she stroked the girl's face. "You're safe—here with me—with Aunt Charlotte."

"Oh!" cried the girl, starting up, "Where is Clarence? Did he get me out? Is he safe?"

"No, dear," said Charlotte, "Clarence didn't get you out. He's perfectly safe. Patrick Maloney saved you from the fire."

"Oh!" murmured the girl as she sank back upon the grass and closed her eyes, while a look of disappointment passed over her countenance as the shadow of a cloud as it flits over the landscape on a summer day.

"Come, Janice," said Charlotte briskly, "let us get into the house, Don't you think that you can walk, honey?"

I don't know," murmured Janice.

"Well, come let us try. This is no place for you."

And with some lifting and encouragement she got upon her feet, and supported by Aunt Charlotte on one side and Anne Maloney on the other, she staggered along across the lawn, up the front steps with

great difficulty, and then across the front veranda and finally into the room.

"Leave me now!" she exclaimed. "Let me rest awhile. O, it's dreadful."

And locking her room door, her face was soon glued to the window pane where she peeped through the curtain sizing up the crowd and watching with bated breath the progress of the fire, which was now at its climax sweeping through the building with a terrific roar, sending up a dense column of smoke with millions of sparks; the great red tongues of flame like some hydra-headed monster licking up the polished columns of newly varnished wood, much of it pine, roaring up into the timbers of the roof and finally bursting through the windows on every side, sending an intense heat in every direction. Two lines of buckets were soon formed by the men and boys, the one from the pump to Uncle Stanhope's residence, the other to Father Liscombe's bungalow. All the blankets that could be found were pressed into service. They were thoroughly soaked with water and hung along the sides of the houses and laid on the roofs. Fortunately there was little wind, and even that had changed to the northwest, thus blowing the sparks and flames away from the house, but towards the piney woods, now dry as tinder. The overseers had taken all the darkies that could be spared down into the woods to watch for falling sparks. One little negro boy distinguished himself by climbing a dead tree which had caught fire and beating out the flames with his coat. Uncle Stanhope gave him \$10.00.

Anne felt quite indignant about Janice, and she afterwards told her mother:

"Janice is a fake, We had almost to carry her into the house, and as soon as she crossed the threshold she started for her room with the step of an athlete."

By dinner time the fire was entirely burnt out, only a smouldering pile of hot ashes left. The crowd had melted away, with the exception of the Bishop and clergy and some intimate friends. It certainly was one of the gloomiest days that ever descended upon Pine Grove.

Two dinners had been arranged for, one in Uncle Stanhope's dining room for the singers and some friends; the other in Father Liscombe's bungalow for the bishop and clergy. Both repasts were somewhat delayed owing to the confusion occasioned by the fire, but after Aunt Liza had succeeded in locating her buckets and kettles and other

utensils borrowed by the fire-fighters, she managed to get things going again and dinners were announced at 2 o'clock. Nothing could draw Janice from her room. "The nervous shock, etc." And there she sat rocking idly to and fro, catching now and then the echoes of laughter from the dining room, where, the first shock of the misfortune having passed away, the young folks recovered their spirits, especially after Aunt Charlotte remarked:

"There's no use crying over split milk. Come on folks have a good time."

Patrick, you may be sure, came in for his generous share of compliments on his bravery, and Butterworth who sat opposite bit his lip and raged inwardly. Outwardly, however, he was as nice as pie, and nothing untoward occurred during the meal to mar the serenity and good feeling. But a more serious and gloomy-looking crowd sat down to dinner in Father Liscombe's dining room. The Bishop sat at the head of the table, and at the opposite end sat Father Liscombe. The priests sat down as they come, and with them Uncle Stanhope and Mr. O'Connor of Pulaski, the architect and contractor. All were silent. After the Bishop had asked the blessing, Father Liscombe arose and made the following address:

"Your Lordship, Rev. Fathers, Mr. Moriarty and Mr. O'Connor. For this festive occasion I had prepared myself to act as toastmaster. I had borrowed from scripture, from nature and from art many thoughts and similes to ornament my opening speech and arranged others in the alcoves of my mind to reply to the felicitous remarks which I felt sure would be made. But after the events of the morning I must say, I feel like Job sitting on his dunghill, and you are my comforters. However, although our misfortune looms up large, we are not as one without hope. We have been deeply touched: first by your devotion in coming so far to participate in our joy; secondly by the willingness of our neighbors and friends, white and black, to save our property and homes; thirdly by the heroism of young Mr. Maloney in rescuing a treasured life; and lastly by the sympathy and generosity, entirely unexpected, of our friends and neighbors, for the men passed around the hat before their departure and Mr. Foster turned out on my table \$1000.00 to be used at my discretion (Applause) All this surely paints a silver lining on our black cloud of misfortune, and although I feel crushed by the event, I can say with Job: 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; as it hath pleased the Lord,

so is it done: blessed be the name of the Lord."

(Renewed Applause).

Father Liscombe was not seated when Uncle Stanhope was on his feet.

"Your Lordship and Rev. Fathers!" he said. "I can add a little ray of sunshine to the silver lining on Father Liscombe's cloud of misfortune. While the red flames were still mounting, Mr. O'Connor, here at my left, and I signed the contract for the new chapel. (Applause) I was fortunate enough to insure the building in two of the best companies, and I see no reason why \$4000. will not be handed over to me. (Prolonged applause) Mr. O'Connor and myself will spend tomorrow in marking the trees to be felled for the new chapel. Work will begin at once. We too have learned something by our misfortune. The new chapel will be placed farther away, and more precautions will be taken to prevent any such accident for the future. And as I noticed the utter inadequacy of our Pine Grove Fire Department, I have resolved to put up a tank that will be a protection in case of any future conflagration, be it from the woods or otherwise (Renewed applause) Had the wind been from the south today, instead of from the northwest, we would probably have no building left standing on these premises. We owe that to the good providence of God."

The Bishop spoke a few words of congratulation and approval of Uncle Stanhope's plan and hoped some day to see a prosperous congregation in the north eastern corner of Brandywine County.

The day was over, but oh, how different from what had been anticipated. Thus man proposes, but God disposes.

That afternoon early Butterworth took his departure on Sultan for Pulaski, without however seeing Janice who would not appear. She was piqued, I think, at Butterworth for letting Patrick get up that ladder ahead of him. And she was disgusted with herself for calling him Clarence in the presence of Aunt Charlotte and others who stood near. Aunt Charlotte chided her in her room:

"You seem on rather familiar terms with Mr. Butterworth, if you speak of him as 'Clarence'."

Janice flushed, but she had her answer ready.

"Don't I call Mr. Maloney 'Patrick'?"

"Yes, we all do," rejoined Charlotte, "but we don't call Mr. Butterworth 'Clarence'."

Janice made no response and Charlotte did not pursue the subject,

but it set her to thinking, as it also did Anne Maloney. A silver sickle of a moon hung over the trees in the western sky as Butterworth neared Pulaski. And as daylight disappeared Orion in all his lordly majesty stood high in the eastern heaven. The young man was in no mood to admire or to study constellations, for a sharp damp January wind came sweeping down the Chatahoochee and he drew his coat closer, slipped a muffler around his throat and buttoned the upturned collar tight. Then urging Sultan into a gallop he went flying through the night. He paused momentarily at the Maloney home, but it was dark and he suddenly remembered that he had left them all at Pine Grove. He soon reached the 'Commonwealth,' but now it was his habit to ride up to the Front entrance. He pitched a quarter to one of the darky pages with the remark:

"Take him down to Bogg's and tell them I want him tomorrow at 8 sharp." Then straight to the house-phone desk: "Give me 639," he said to the operator.

"Hello, McGregor, is that you?—Had your supper yet? Well, come down and take a bite with me in the grill room."

In a few minutes the two men were seated at a little table in an obscure corner. While waiting for their order McGregor said suddenly:

"I'm glad you came in tonight. I have a fat wad for you in my room."

"Good!" exclaimed Butterworth, "I need it. How much?"

"We cleared \$1200. this trip," replied the other man.

"Then my share is \$600." half mused Butterworth.

"Yes", said the other, "and there seems to be no suspicion 'tall. We passed the 'Grey Hound' on the uptrip and she seemed to be after something, for she was going at full tilt. If it ever comes to a race between us, I think the 'Vixen' can get away with it."

"You'll have to get a mighty good start then," replied Butterworth, "because they tell me the 'Grey Hound' carries an ugly five pounder on her fo' castle. One such pill would put the 'Vixen' out of commission."

"We won't borrow trouble," said McGregor, "It'll be a long time before it comes to that, if we're sharp. I have my plan already thought out to get away in case she chases us."

"What's that?" interrogated Butterworth.

"Why quite simple. I'll just drop the hootch overboard and when

the revenue officers board us, there'll be nothing left on board but 'Korn Kernels,'" and McGregor gave a short harsh laugh.

"You're a genius," exclaimed Butterworth with a laugh.

"Then," continued the other with a grin, I'll go out some dark night with a diver and fish it all up again."

"Splendid!" said the younger man. "I wish I could get rid of my burden as easily."

"What's your trouble?" said McGregor, his eyes sparkling as the waiter laid a dish of smoking turkey wings well garnished between them.

"That contemptible Pat Maloney is my trouble," said Butterworth moodily. "I just feel it in my bones that that fellow's going to put the kibosh on our whole scheme. They tell me that his infernal deputies are nosing into everything in the country. Why, the other day they jugged a fellow for having a harmless drop on his hip."

"The devil!" said the other. "Tyranny knows no bounds. What wouldn't they do to us if they caught us? They'd surely hang us."

"If they ever try to take me, I bet you, I'll make more than one of them bite the dust," said Butterworth with flashing eyes. "But that fellow is meddling in other affairs of mine. The best place for him would be a graveyard."

"Why don't you do what they do in my country?" said the Scot. "Pick a fight with him. Either challenge or get yourself challenged, preferably the latter. Then put a hole through him and the thing's done."

"Easily said," retorted the young man, "but not so easily done. But I'll have to do something."

The next morning at 8 sharp Sultan was at the door, and Butterworth with his saddle bags bulging set out for the "Hermitage", where he paid the other fellows their share of the swag. He put in a busy day in the office, and spent the night on his sofa couch. The next day he went scouring around for more corn, and that night back to Pulaski, where he found a dainty envelope addressed to him. It was from Janice and ran thus:

"Dear Clarence, please come out to Pine Grove next Monday 6 P. M. to help some of my choice friends to celebrate my birthday. I am completely over the shock of the fire and longing to see you.

Yours—Janice."

Butterworth read it over twice, then folding it carefully he deposited it in his inside pocket, where lovers usually deposit such billet doux. Birthday! Birthday dinner! That was something new. She had made no reference to a birthday in any of their conversations. Why not? Wasn't it worth mentioning? She had spoken of a thousand other irrelevant things. Ah! Butterworth, my boy, you have much to learn. It is to be hoped that time will not deal too harshly with you. Who could those choice friends be? The Maloneys very probably. And, of course, that Patrick grinning like a Cheshire cat. Several words in the note pleased him mightily,—“dear”—“longing”—“yours”. Then there was an air of humanity that he liked: “Please comes out”—as if he was not actually dying to go. The intervening days were busy ones for Butterworth. The “Vixen” made another trip with good results, and Butterworth was beginning to think that it would not be long, when he would be able to take up Uncle Stanhope's mortgage. Monday found him in the best of humors. About two in the afternoon in his light buggy with a dress suit carefully packed away under the seat, he set out for Pine Grove, reaching it about four o'clock. Janice was graciousness itself. He was the first arrival, and for a little while had the young lady all to himself. Now that she was in the secret he could talk freely and in her he found a sympathetic listener. Whatever scruples she may have had they were entirely gone, and she listened with intense interest to his account of his meeting with McGregor and the two trips of the “Vixen” and showed herself particularly pleased with the financial result. I think the mansion on Weatherby Ave., and the limousine began to take form once more in her heated imagination. Youth is the time for day dreams, age and experience for the dead sea fruits. After a little the first arrivals began to come in, so the *tete-a-tete* was broken off and she retired to make her toilette for the evening. Aunt Charlotte did the honors in her absence. 'Tas well for Butterworth that he brought his best suit for every one was in his Sunday-go-to meetin clothes, and as for Janice, she simply surpassed herself. She wore a rich brocade, every stitch of which she had put in with her own fingers. They surely made a handsome couple, Clarence and Janice, as they stood under the chandelier exchanging compliments. Charlotte did the honors at her end of the table in a beautiful new gown with her native grace and simplicity. Uncle Stanhope simply beamed in his best “biled” shirt and a new

choker. Father Liscombe, with a trace of sadness over the late fire, wore his best soutane with a spotless, snow-white collar and looked the ideal soggarth aroon. Twenty-five persons surrounded the table, and by some fate or other, Patrick in an elegant evening suit sat down next to Janice at Uncle Stanhope's left, while Father Liscombe, Grace and Butterworth were at his right. This arrangement brought Butterworth just opposite Patrick. The table never looked better. Large poinsettias were arranged in three places and bouquets of cutflowers in priceless vases, one very large one in front of Janice's place. The room was hung with garlands. Janice brought out a dozen hand painted plates, her own work, representing "Scenes on the Mississippi." Among them were "Vicksburg from the River", "Natchez over and under the Hill", "Grand Gulf in War Time", "The Live Oaks of Audubon Park, New Orleans", "Port Hudson in Time of Peace". With infinite tact the last plate was laid at Uncle Stanhope's place. Janice watched him narrowly as he uncovered it.

"Ah!" he exclaimed while a flush of pleasure irradiated his countenance, "Port Hudson! It looked very different the night I got this!" and he drew his finger along the scar on his right cheek.

Then he and Janice got their heads together over the plate, while with his knife he pointed out the very spot where his battery was fighting. Janice listened with one ear, while with the other she kept tab of everything going on at the table. There was a large white cake just in front of her plate with 21 candles, and as Uncle Stanhope began lighting them, it was the occasion of much good natured raillery. Some of the men thought there should be more candles, others thought fewer. Finally it was referred to Father Liscombe for a decision. Silence fell on the table, as Father Liscombe with true southern gallantry smilingly said:

"When I consider Miss Dangerfield's innocence and artlessness I should say fewer; but when I consider her wisdom and artfulness," tapping his plate with a spoon, "I should say more."

There was a general hand clapping at this, and Janice as she cut into the cake said to Father Liscombe:

"Beautifully said, and you shall have the first piece for your gallantry."

The conversation then drifted into other channels. Finally some one on the other side of the table remarked that young McCallister had

been arrested in Pulaski for carrying liquor in his hip pocket. Butterworth flared up at once.

"Yes," he said with a wicked gleam in his eyes, as he looked straight at Patrick, "that's the kind of dirty work your infernal deputies are at, arresting decent people for such trifles."

Patrick blushed. I think Butterworth must have taken a little of his own 'hootch' on his way to Pine Grove, for the entire conversation during the evening showed that he was laboring under a suppressed excitement, otherwise he might have been more prudent.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Butterworth," retorted Patrick, "no deputy of mine arrested him. He was arrested by one of the city police."

"It makes no difference," burst out Butterworth excitedly. "The whole crowd of you were hatched in the same buzzard's nest."

Patrick controlled himself with difficulty.

"Why," he said, "the man was openly drunk on the street. The policeman had no alternative."

"You're a liar," yelled Butterworth, red in the face. And picking up a cup of hot coffee standing in front of his plate, he leaned over and dashed it full into Patrick's face.

(To be continued.)

One reason why so many fail or at best plod in mediocrity, is because they see so many obstacles and difficulties looming up so threateningly on all sides, that they lose heart and are in a discouraged condition much of the time. This mental attitude is fatal to achievement for it makes the mind negative, non-creative. It is confidence and hope that call out the faculties and multiply their creative, producing power.

And in the fulfilment of our duties, having begun with a prayer to assure the assistance of God's presence and aid, why should we not always have confidence and hope?

"Life is a school of character. We are placed here to be formed for eternity."—*Maturin*.

"Love Jesus and Mary, love them with all your heart, for they reveal themselves to those who strive to know them."—*St. Alphonsus*.

Catholic Anecdotes

SEEING THE GOOD IN OTHERS

Instead of considering the defects of others, we ought to try to see the good in them. A little incident from the life of St. Vincent de Paul will show us to what perfection he had reduced this rule.

St. Vincent de Paul, we are told, once opposed the selection of an unworthy candidate for a bishopric, before the royal council which dealt with ecclesiastical patronage. The nominee whom he opposed, was the son of a great duchess who had secured the support of the Queen of France for his appointment. But St. Vincent won the day by his stern and uncompromising resistance, and the noble dame's cherished plan was defeated. Her son did not receive the bishopric.

She was furious. She called St. Vincent to an interview. He came. In the course of the conversation, her rage became ungovernable, and grasping a piece of furniture, she struck the saint over the head with it. Naturally, the interview ended there. St. Vincent left.

As he came out of the ducal mansion, staunching the blood that flowed from his painful wound, he turned to his companion, and with an air of pleased admiration, remarked:

"Is it not wonderful to see to what lengths the affection of a mother for her son will go?"

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

Louis Veuillot, the illustrious French Catholic journalist of the last century, has somewhere told us the story of what the prayer of his little daughter accomplished.

"The little one was rather wild and unruly. I often scolded; but her mother used to say:

"Wait till she makes her first Communion, and, you will see, she will be a changed girl."

Hardly had the little one begun her preparation for Communion when a change was already apparent. On the eve of her First Communion day, she came to me and begged my forgiveness. I gave it gladly, with tears in my eyes. Then she threw her little arms about my neck and said:

‘Papa, I wont be perfectly happy, unless you go to Holy Communion to-morrow with me and mamma.’

‘Oh, no, I can’t, my little girl. Run away now—I’ll see to-morrow.’

She withdrew her little arms and quietly but sadly left the room. I was sorry I had said it. Presently I got up and quietly stole along to her room. The door was partly open, and there she was on her knees praying before her little altar for her papa. I hurried back to my room, filled with confusion; sat down and buried my face in my hands. It was not long before I heard the little one coming again, and standing at the door she said:

‘Papa, you aren’t angry with me, are you?’

‘No, my little dear, no! come!’

And she came and kissed me.

‘Papa,’ she said, ‘don’t you know, I cannot really wait till to-morrow. I’d like to know if you wont come with me and mamma to-morrow.’

By this time I was almost overcome with emotion.

‘Yes, my little angel,’ I said, ‘Yes, I’ll go; and now bring me to your Father Confessor and tell him: ‘Here’s my papa too!’”

THE DEAREST SPOT

A beautiful story is told of St. Francis de Sales.

When he was but a mere boy, he would go with his playmates to the parish church, where they had all been baptised. Here he would gather them around the baptismal font, where they had received the sacrament of Baptism.

“See,” he would say to them with boyish seriousness, “this is the spot that should be dearer to us than any other, for here it is that we were made children of God.”

Then they would together say the “Glory be to the Father” in thanksgiving for God’s mercy, and kissing the font on bended knees, would disperse for their games.

A HEBREW LEGEND

"You teach," said the Roman Emperor Trajan to a famous rabbi, "that your God is everywhere, and boast that he resides among your nation. I should like to see Him."

"God is indeed everywhere," the rabbi replied; "but he cannot be seen, for no mortal eye can look upon His splendor."

The emperor persisted.

"Well," answered the rabbi, "suppose we begin by endeavoring to gaze at one of His ambassadors."

Trajan assented. And the rabbi, leading him into the open air,—for it was noon of the day,—bade him raise his eyes to the sun, then shining down upon the world in his meridian of glory. The emperor made the attempt,—but quickly turned away.

"I cannot," he exclaimed, rubbing his eyes; "the light dazzles me."

"If then," rejoined the triumphant rabbi, "thou art unable to endure the light of one of His creatures, how canst thou expect to behold the unclouded glory of the Creator?"

TUMBLERS AND THIMBLES

The Little Flower was just a child of three years, but immensely interested in all things that pertained to our holy Religion. One day when thinking about heaven, she began to wonder how it was possible that, while all see God and are perfectly happy in heaven, the amount of glory each receives is not the same. She was afraid that in that case all would not be quite happy, and she said so to her sister Celine.

"Go fetch me papa's tumbler," said the older girl. And Therese got it, wondering what she would do with it.

"Now give me your little thimble," went on Celine gravely. And taking it she set it up beside the tumbler. Then she filled both with water.

"Now," asked Celine, "which is fuller?"

"One is as full as the other," replied Therese; "it would be impossible to put any more water in either of them; they could not hold it."

"Just so," concluded Celine wisely, "will it be in heaven with the delights of the blessed."

Pointed Paragraphs

CANDLEMAS

The Feast of Purification is also called Candlemas—because on this day the candles are blessed.

This reminds us not only of the symbolic meaning which the Church has ever attached to candles and to lights, but also of the use of them.

It is an old custom to have blessed candles in the house—either to burn before the little home altar or shrine, or to burn in time of danger or storm.

But it is also an obligation to have a blessed candle in the home. If there is an obligation to receive the Last Sacraments in illness, we also have an obligation to have in readiness whatever is required for the right and reverent administration of these sacraments.

These things are: a crucifix, holy water, and blessed candles.

These, then, belong to our "Catholic Furniture"—and as you would be out of style if "stylish furniture" were wanting, so you would be failing against "Catholic manners" if these were absent.

WON'T POWER

"To keep out of the horrible pits that beset the human path," writes Dr. Frank Crane, "all that's necessary is *not* to walk into them.

"What it takes to quit anything, and stay quit, is won't power—plain stubbornness—mule power. As a "won'ter" the mule has no equal. Use your mule power.

"No matter how vacillating you are, how much of a spineless imbecile, and moral wreck you are, there's one thing you can do—you can *not* do a thing."

Apply that to any habit you wish to cure; whether it be anger, or hatred, or jealousy, or day dreaming, or self-seeking. Refuse to think such thoughts; refuse to do such actions.

Use your won't power. God has given every man his share of it.

And in the Sacraments of Confession and Communion, He is ready to give you a wonderful increase of it. Nay, for a little prayer He is ready to lend strength greater than that which enabled the Archangel Michael to cry: Who is like God,—and rout the devil.

SHE BUILT HER OWN HOME

I saw this said of a woman as high praise. It referred to the wooden walls of her home.

In a higher sense a woman can and ought to build her own home; for it is not the wooden or stone walls for that, that make the home,—but the lives and characters of those who live within those walls.

Faith, devotion to duty, mutual respect and love, cheerfulness, sympathy: these are the treasures that make a *home*.

These a mother can impress upon the hearts of her children; these the wife can call forth with magic wand, as it were, from the heart of her husband; these she can bring to life in the daily family intercourse. These, if she sows, she shall reap and she shall have built her own *home*.

NOT A SINGLE SHORT CUT

To take short cuts and find them is almost everybody's tendency. If there is any empty lot in the city, you will find a well beaten path through it; it saves the time of going around the corner.

The same tendency inspires the lad at school and some apparently cater to the propensity, by offering such books as: "French at a Glance" or "Geology in Fourteen Weeks."

The young man entering business, presents the same symptoms. Like the heroes of his story books, he evidently expects to be President of the concern, or at least manager in a short while; and if he fails to reach the goal of his dreams, he quickly concludes: The firm is rotten.

To such James S. Alexander, in an interview printed in the December *American* gives this bit of advice:

"One hears of many schemes and short cuts, but I never have known any that were worth while. I am sure there is no magical method of attracting attention over night. The only way is the good, old-fashioned way of doing the job at hand better than it has ever been done

before, and studying industriously, so as to qualify for duties which require thorough training and clear thinking."

And what applies to advance in the world of business, applies also to learning, to success in any line of activity or vocation, and to character-improvement.

There are no short cuts. Get down to work.

OVERHEAD AND OUTPUT

"The idea of a mental bantam weight willing himself into the heavy championship," writes Theodore MacManus in Columbia, "has always possessed ludicrous attraction for me.

"It instantly summons up a picture of an earnest, honest, solemn but somewhat pimply young freshman, standing before a mirror with clenched fists, looking fierce and crying with the cracked voice of adolescence: "I will!"

"The answer of all time to that pathetic protestation is that they won't—until time and experience have shown them how."

MacManus substitutes another formula, which is far better. "I did my poor best," he says, "to get my mind off myself and on the job and keep it there." And on this experience through life and success, he builds the formula:

"A little less thought of self and a great deal more thought of the job and of the ways and means to do it well.

"A decent regard for the integrities and the amenities of life—a little more gratitude, a little more respect, a little more earnestness and sincerity.

"Leave all the rest to God."

THE CATHOLIC PRESS

Bigotry arises to a great extent from ignorance. Why did Newman in his younger days consider the Pope Antichrist? He knew no better, that was what he was told. Later he found out that the Pope is the Vicar of Christ and he joined the Church. He read. And the same thing happens to many others. Books defaming the Church and distorting her teaching are printed and spread by the thousands and

millions. What will remove the ashes of ignorance and destroy the smoldering fires of bigotry? The Catholic Press. Stand by the Catholic Press for the sake of your religion!

Paganism—a new form of the old abomination—is once more rampant. The minds of men are infected with it. Witness this reply of a woman to the question: Can a girl be engaged to a married man? It is a shame that a newspaper reporter could ask such a question; but the reply is a blot on our society. She said:

"Yes, a girl can become engaged to a married man and still be respectable. Many men are disappointed in their wives, and vice versa, so if they can find someone that is in sympathy with their ideas and aspirations, it is all right, in my mind, to become engaged."

"Remain respectable"—so much the worse for the society that respects her.

What of the Christian law of marriage? It is thrown to the winds. We are back to pure paganism. This paganism will ruin our country as it ruined Rome and every other country gone into the discard. How will you combat it? How will you save yourself and children from the ruinous effect of contact with such pagan surroundings? By aiding, approving, supporting the Catholic Press! Stand by the Catholic Press for the sake of your country.

You are not a mere animal: you are "a little less than the angel" created to live forever and your eternal happiness depends on right living here and one of the greatest sources of power and help in this struggle for goodness and heaven is the Catholic Press. Stand by the Catholic press for your own sake!

And what is the Catholic Press? Not a vague nothing—not a mist—not a name. It is something concrete. That Catholic book which your publisher offers you. That Catholic magazine which proffers you the events that concern your religion, instruction in your faith and recreation of a pure and stimulating kind; that Catholic local newspaper that weekly keeps you in touch with Catholic activities of your own neighborhood. Stand by it with your subscription, your encouragement, your propaganda. But stand by it by reading it and having your children read it. Do this and the other will take care of itself.

Success depends upon backbone, not wishbone.

Catholic Events

(All events chronicled are reported by the N. C. W. C. News Service.)

POPE BENEDICT XV

"Our Father is dead." With these words Cardinal Gasparri, on Sunday morning Jan. 22, officially announced the death of Pope Benedict XV. The whole Catholic Church mourns his death, all the more, because the news comes to us with the shock of the unexpected. His Holiness had been ill only five days.

This is the all important event for us today, and in sorrow we turn to consider what we have lost in losing him.

* * *

What he was to the Church and to the world at large, may be gleaned to a certain extent from the appreciative notices of our late Holy Father in editorials of the public press.

Most notable, in a way, is the comment of Italian government officials. Senator Schanzer, head of the Italian delegation to the armament conference, declared:

"The unexpected death of Benedict XV is a great loss not only for the Holy See and for the Catholic Church, but for the entire world. Indeed the Pope who passed away exercised his high ministry for the good of the people at large, and with a sincere and profound human feeling, coupled with a rare broadmindedness.

"When Cardinal della Chiesa was raised to the Pontificate as Benedict XV, the modest appearance of his person and his former ecclesiastical career, which had been quite honorable, but not exceptional in any respects, did not cause in the world the expectation that great things could come from the new Pope. Instead, he soon showed that he was a man of great heart and keen intellect, two qualities which were of capital importance, considered that he sat on the chair of St. Peter in one of the most difficult periods of history.

"The political action of the Pope," continues the Senator, "during the late war was extremely difficult and delicate. It was judged from different points of view, but there is no doubt that it was constantly animated by a deep and sincere desire for peace.

"His action, mostly beneficent in favor of the prisoners of war, of the wounded and of all those who suffered during the conflict, insured him an eminent position among the benefactors of humanity.

"The diplomatic action of Benedict XV, in the relations of the Papacy with the various Catholic and non-Catholic countries, was crowned with success and considerably augmented the prestige of the Holy See.

"The Pope who has just passed away, tried also to establish better relations with Italy, so that his death will certainly be mourned by the Italians. Benedict XV leaves a mark of considerable importance, not only in the history of the Papacy, but also in the general history of the world."

And for the first time in the history of relations between the Italian Government and the Vatican, the government instructed that the flags be half-masted on all government offices in observance of the death of the Pontiff.

The Milwaukee *Sentinel* * * * comments in its editorial especially on the Pope's policy during the war. It says:

"Pope Benedict inherited the war as the most momentous problem of his reign. If the position of the secular rulers who remained neutral was difficult enough, the task confronting the Head of the Church was a supreme test. With Catholic nations ranged on opposite sides of the great dividing line, the Pontiff was called upon to bestow his sympathies impartially, and, when Italy entered the war, to reconcile the claims of patriotism with the duties of his exalted position. The Cardinals of the various nations had the advantage of plain patriotic duty before them, but it remained with the Pontiff to wrestle with conflicting duties.

"In details," says the editorial further, "his course was sometimes criticised. English and French papers repeatedly grumbled that Vatican officials were showing too great consideration and 'tenderness' to the other side; but these complaints died away as the Pontiff's position became better known and it became evident that this great aim was the speedy restoration of peace. His historic effort to end the war, proved premature; but his real contributions to the cause of peace will only be known when history is written."

* * *

The Chicago *Tribune* takes a broader sweep, and briefly resumes some of the late Pope's outstanding achievements.

"Benedict XV brought to the Vatican a new understanding of problems and needs of the Church and of practical methods for meeting them. He has been blessed with vision, and diligent in effort for realization. Thus in the world war he saw, what perhaps few men in high position saw, the imminent destruction of Christian civilization and the untold misery accumulating not only for the participants but for their children and children's children.

"Twice he sought to mediate for peace in the hope that some part of this misery might be averted. He failed, but is honored for the effort and the appreciation of impending disaster to advancing civilization which the effort revealed. Failing in that high purpose, probably through no fault of his own, he revealed the practically humane side of his character, by bringing about the exchange of letters and gifts between war prisoners and their families or friends through Switzerland. Many a miserable war victim owes him much for that practical humanitarianism, and will gladly admit the debt.

"In evidence of his practical successes for the building up of the Church, there are now almost twice as many diplomatic representatives of law governments at the Vatican as there were before the war. Of these, the return of France to the fold is probably the most notable. The government of France had separated itself from the Church, probably more completely than any other country. It had been not only separated, but marked by opposition to the Church

through development of a powerful anti-clerical party. This active enmity has been turned to friendship under Benedict. France again has an envoy at the Vatican. In Italy also there is a distinct tendency toward much more amicable relations between state and church than have obtained for many years.

"These are definite, practical accomplishments which must be credited to Pope Benedict. They mark the beginning of a new rise in the influence of the Church of Rome. Such accomplishments give the character and pontificate of Benedict a place in history."

* * *

In the face of this praise from the most disinterested sources, how puerile and petty sounds the whine of some French and English papers, which rehash grievances against the Pope, which the above quoted papers declare to have long since been found groundless.

Thus the Paris *Temps* states: Benedict XV left with those who have seen and known him, the memory of a gentle and a meditative intelligence, neither of which was in place amid the crash of the years of iron and fire that the years of his papacy covered."

And the *Journal des Debats* expresses the opinion that the Pope during the war "Was badly informed, badly counselled, and badly obeyed;" "that he "lacked inventiveness and forcefulness," and that, "facing the world upheaval, he was an attentive and moved observer, rather than a resolute and efficacious actor."

One or two English papers, likewise, while conceding his abilities with better grace, nevertheless still "find it difficult to acquit him of being too prone to take the German point of view," during the recent war.

Far more just is the estimate of Senator Rolando Ricci, the Italian Ambassador to the United States, who said:

"The Pope who just died was a man of sagacious political views and of generous heart. All his decisions were marked by great moderation.

"Leo XIII was a humanist Pope, too much of a politician; Pius X was an admirably religious and good Pope; Benedict XV did not neglect either politics or the religious mission of his high task. During the war he was generous of charity to the prisoners of all belligerent nations."

One of the Pope's last acts, so conformable to his entire character and policy, was to congratulate the King of England and the Irish people on the settlement they had reached of their age long bitter struggle.

* * *

President Harding's telegram, sent through the Secretary of State, Hughes, to Cardinal Gasparri, the Papal Secretary of State, read:

"Deeply regretting to learn of the demise of His Holiness Benedict XV, the President desires me to express to Your Eminence profound condolence. His humanity, his promotion of peace as well as his kindly spirit and great learning won for him a place in the hearts of men everywhere. His death will be deeply mourned throughout the United States."

—THE— Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign all Questions with name and address)

Why is missing Mass on Sunday a mortal sin, punishable with eternal damnation? It is only a Church Law, and is so insignificant compared with eternal hell.

Let me take up your reasons first; then, perhaps, you will be able to answer the question yourself.

I. The Law of the Church and the Law of Christ.—(1) Christ nowhere said: Thou shalt go to Mass on Sunday. Granted. But,—(2) He did say: "I came not to destroy the law, but to perfect it"; that is,—He came to urge all Divine Laws, whether imposed on us in our very nature, or in some special revelation. (3) Now it is a law imposed in our very nature, that we show due public worship to God. This due worship consists, as Christ told us, chiefly in the Sacrifice of the Mass; "Do this," He said, "in commemoration of me." The Church, from the very beginning considered that she had in this received the obligation to offer the Mass at times, and the faithful to share in it. Finally, she determined, that this law of Christ demands so much at least, that we assist at Mass once a week and that on Sunday. (4) Christ recognizes and sanctions with heaven or hell every serious law the Church makes; "Whatsoever you shall bind upon earth shall be bound in heaven;" and, "Who despiseth you (and your laws)' despiseth Me." It is therefore, ultimately, Christ's law.

II. The terms of comparison: Missing Mass and eternal damnation.

(1) Just a remark. Very frequently the smallest things may be of the vastest importance. A star as it appears to us, is but a tiny twinkle in the sky,—as large, or not nearly as large and bright as an ordinary candle light. But in reality, back in the depths of space, it blazes as fiercely and immensely larger than our sun. We cannot judge of the relative importance of things by their size or bulk.

(2) A Mass is infinitely more than all hell. Hell is the eternal but for-

ced glorification of Divine Justice and Goodness. A Mass is the free and voluntary and infinite glorification of God by Our Lord Himself,—being the repetition of His sacrifice on the Cross.

(2) Missing Mass means: (a) To advert to our duty of going. It is well to remember that it is simply a matter between you and God. It doesn't matter to me or to any man whether you go or not. But it matters to God, your Maker. He wills it,—as we saw,—clearly, definitely, seriously. (b) To have no reason justifying your non-compliance with His will. God understands that sickness, charity to others, unavoidable work, impassable roads and so on, may at times conflict with the fulfillment of His will; and then, with infinite goodness and condescension, he withdraws His claim upon your service. (c) To say: I will not go, will not do Your will. It is a conscious, free, voluntary act of the will, in a matter you could easily fulfill. "I will not choose You now," is its import. As long as that act is not withdrawn by due repentance, how can God answer, except by re-echoing your choice: "Depart then from Me."

III. The Question: Why does God attach eternal punishment to it?

(1) It is not our place to question the Divine actions; sufficient that He did so, who is all-wise, all-good, and all-holy.

(2) But if we reverently examine, we shall see in the light of the above considerations that,—(a) the matter is not so insignificant: (b) By reason of His dominion over us, He could have demanded a thousand times more: (c) His Cross and Blessed Sacrament almost demand it: He could not leave these go without some public homage; (d) His Church requires it,—as a bond of external unity and mark of catholicity and means of holiness; and, (e) God usually attached the obligation of showing our submission to Him to some particular command; consider the fall of the Angels and of our first parents.

Some Good Books

St. Jerome and Holy Scripture. Published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, 44 Barclay Street, New York. Price 35 cents; postpaid 40 cents.

The year 1920 witnessed the fifteenth centenary of the death of St. Jerome, Doctor of Holy Church. On the occasion of this celebration, Our Holy Father, Benedict XV. issued an encyclical letter, emphasizing the debt the Christian world owes St. Jerome for his untiring labors in behalf of Holy Scripture. And here we have the authorized English translation of the Pope's letter. Those who have not yet read the letter, would do well to procure a copy, so that the Pope's one desire for all the Church's children may be fulfilled, namely, "being saturated with the Bible, they may arrive at the all-surpassing knowledge of Jesus Christ."

Testimony to the Truth. By Rev. Hugh P. Smyth. Published by the Extension Press, 180 North Wabash Ave., Chicago. Price \$1.50.

Father Smyth is pastor of St. Mary's Church, Evanston, Ill., where the Northwestern University (Methodist) is located. Quite naturally he finds it necessary at times to treat in his sermons questions that are asked by inquirers into Catholic doctrine, or by Catholic students called upon to defend their faith. These answers he has brought together in a fair-sized volume, taking its title from the words of Christ to Pilate: "For this came I into the world that I should give testimony to the truth." (John 18:37). Though they have undergone some adaptation in publication, the answers still bear about them the crispness and directness of the spoken word.

A few of the titles taken at random will bear witness that the subjects treated are live ones: Confession, Fast and Abstinence, Saints and Images, Indulgences, Infallibility, Why May not Catholics attend Protestant Churches, The Catholic Church and Evolution, Why Catholic Schools, Clerical Celibacy, Prejudice.

Undoubtedly an admirable book to put into the hands of Protestants or those who mingle with Protestants. 240 pages, bound in cloth, gold stamped.

The Priest Before the Altar. Compiled by Rev. F. MacNamara, C. SS. R. Published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. Price \$1.00; postpaid \$1.05.

A handy little book to be kept on the prie-dieu in the sanctuary or the sacristy, and used for Preparation and Thanksgiving before and after Mass. The devotions are arranged in three series. First series: Preparation and Thanksgiving for every day in the week, by St. Alphonsus. Second series: Considerations on the Passion of Jesus Christ, in preparation and thanksgiving for Mass, for every day in the week, likewise by St. Alphonsus. Third series: Praeparatio ad Missam pro opportunitate Sacerdotis facienda (ex Missali Romano), to which are added various devout prayers, including a little treasury of indulgenced prayers. Most of the prayers are in English.

The Rosary: Its History and Use. By Rev. E. J. McGuinness. Published by the Extension Press, 180 North Wabash Ave., Chicago. Price 15 cents each; \$9.00 per hundred; \$75.00 per thousand.

Any aid to the devout recitation of the Rosary deserves a hearty welcome. Such is surely this booklet compiled by Father McGuinness. Nearly half of its 64 pages are taken up with an interesting and instructive sketch of the history of the Rosary, including the famous encyclical letter of Pope Leo XIII, and a list of the indulgences attached to the beads. Then follow the fifteen mysteries, each given in the actual wording of Holy Scripture, and in the absence of scriptural proof for the Assumption and Coronation of the Blessed Virgin, in excerpts from ancient writers. A beautiful reproduction in sepia of paintings by the masters accompanies each Mystery; a picture of the Institution of the Rosary serves as frontispiece.

Lucid Intervals

The Boss—"What do you mean by such language? Are you the manager here or am I?"

Jones—"I know I'm not the manager."

The Boss—"Very well, then, if you're not the manager, who do you talk like a blamed idiot?"—The Stenographer.

The Toronto *Statesman* says that a preceptor, who wanted to sing the hymn, "I love to steal a while away," etc., when he got as far as, "I love to steal," found that the metre would not suit the tune. He tried another, but got stuck again when he got as far as, "I love to steal." Whereupon the pastor, with a smile, remarked, "It is very much to be regretted. Let us pray."

A negro applied to a cotton plantation manager for work.

"All right," said the manager, "come around in the morning and I'll put you to work and pay you what you're worth."

"No suh! I can't do dat, boss," replied the colored gentleman. "I'se gettin' mo' dan dat now."

He—But I asked you, dearest, to keep our engagement a secret for the present.

She—I couldn't help it. That hateful Miss Oldun said the reason I wasn't married was because no fool had proposed to me, so I up and told her you had.

Beginner (after repeated failure)—"Funny game, golf."

Caddie—"Taint meant to be."

A young teacher whose efforts to inculcate elementary anatomy had been unusually discouraging at last asked in despair:

"Well, I wonder if any boy here can tell me what the spinal cord really is?"

She was met by a row of blank and irresponsive faces, till finally one small voice piped up in great excitement:

"The spinal cord is what runs through you. Your head sits on one end and you sit on the other."

Marion—"George was the goal of my ambitions, but—"

Marian—"But what?"

Marion—"Father kicked the goal."

Gordon's aunt was giving him a sound scolding about the way he washed himself.

"You know you haven't washed your neck," said Aunt Emma.

"Gee whiz!" said Gordon, a note of desperation creeping into his voice, "ain't I goin' to wear a collar?"

Moke—"Does yuh really love me or does yuh jes' think yuh do?"

Moka—"Yas, indeedy, Honey, I really loves yuh; I ain't done any thinkin' yet."

"Girls," he remarked sententially, are prettier than men."

"Why, naturally!" she exclaimed.

"No," he gently corrected her, "artificially."

Positively I'm ashamed to go into a restaurant with you; you eat and eat and eat.

Well, what of it?

When I'm full I leave the table.

Yes, and that's all you do leave.

An Irishman was sitting in a station smoking, when a woman came in and, sitting beside him, remarked: "Sir, if you were a gentleman you would not smoke here." "Mum," he said, "if ye was a lady y'd sit farther away." Pretty soon the woman burst out again: "If you were my husband I'd give you poison." "Well, mum," returned the Irishman, as he puffed away at his pipe, "if you wuz me wife I'd take it."

Said the newly arrived missionary to King Oola J. Boola of the Cannibal Isles:

"I have come among you as a missionary, ready to serve."

Said King Oola, who was accounted something of a wag, as he surveyed the lanky figure:

"No, you're not ready to serve—not yet."

Redemptorist Scholarships

A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary student in perpetuity.

Those who have given any contribution, great or small, to the courses shall have a share in perpetuity in the daily Masses, the daily Holy Communions, and daily special prayers that shall be offered up by our professed Students for the founders and associate founders of Redemptorist Scholarships. It goes without saying that the donors are credited with their share of the works performed by these students after they have become priests.

Burse of St. Alphonsus (St. Alphonsus Parish, New Orleans, La.)	\$3,507.46
Burse of St. Mary (St. Mary's Parish, New Orleans, La.) ..	2,057.27
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (St. Joseph's Parish, Denver, Colo.)	492.00
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help and St. Alphonsus (Fresno, Cal.)	1,258.00
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (Kansas City, Mo.) ..	1,507.00

* * *

Burse in Memory of Father Brown.....	\$3,958.50
Burse of St. Joseph.....	577.00
Burse of St. Francis Assisi.....	1,007.50
Burse of the Little Flower	2,424.00
Burse of St. Thomas the Apostle.....	201.00
Burse of St. Jude.....	226.00
Burse of St. Rita.....	506.00
Burse of St. Anne.....	152.60
Burse of St. Gerard.....	518.00
Burse of Sacred Heart.....	731.00

Books

February: The Catholic Press Month

SAINT JOHN BERCHEMANS

By Rev. James J. Daly,
S. J.

Price, postpaid -- \$ 1.60

FATHER TIM'S TALKS

By Rev. C. D. McEnniry,
C.Ss.R.

Vol. I. postpaid \$1.10

Vol. II. postpaid \$0.85

Vol. III postpaid \$1.60

All three for - - \$3.50

WORK, WEALTH AND WAGES

By Jos. Husskin, S. J.,
Ph. D.

Price, postpaid, \$1.00

For the Children:—

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN CITY

By Mother M. Loyola.

Price, postpaid, \$2.65

“A Dollar Book”:—

LAMPS OF FIRE

By Marion Nesbitt

Price, \$1.00.

For Everybody:—

YOU AND YOURS

By M. J. Scott. S. J.

Price, cloth, - - \$1.50

” paper, - - \$0.35

THE BOY WHO CAME BACK

By John Talbot Smith.

Price, postpaid, \$1.35.

Splendid for Girls:—

MOSTLY MARY

By Clementia.

Price, postpaid, \$1.00.

ORDER AT ONCE FROM

THE LIGUORIAN

OCONOMOWOC,

BOX A

WISCONSIN